Why well ſaid. That doth pleaſe me better,
Then to wiſh me one. You know your charge,
God be with you all.

Enter the Herald from the French.

Herald. Once more I come to know of thee king *Henry*,
What thou wilt giue for raunſome?

Kin. Who hath ſent thee now?

Her. The Conſtable of *France*.

Kin. I prethy beare my former anſwer backe:
Bid them atchieue me, and then ſell my bones.
Good God, why ſhould they mock good fellows
The man that once did ſell the Lions skin, (thus?
While the beaſt liued, was kild with hunting him.
A many of our bodies ſhall no doubt
Finde graues within your realme of *France*:
Tho buried in your dunghils, we ſhalbe famed,
For there the Sun ſhall greete them,
And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heauen,
Leauing their earthly parts to choke your clyme:
The ſmel wherof, ſhall breed a plague in *France*:
Marke then abundant valour in our Engliſh,
That being dead, like to the bullets craſing,
Breakes forth into a ſecond courſe of miſchiefe,
Killing in relaps of mortalitie:
Let me ſpeake proudly,
Ther's not a peece of feather in our campe.
Good argument I hope we ſhall not flye:
And time hath worne vs into flouendry.
But by the mas, our hearts are in the trim,
And my poore ſouldiers tel me, yet ere night
Thayle be in freſher robes, or they will plucke
The gay new cloathes ore your French ſouldiers eares,
And turne them out of ſeruice. If they do this,
As if it pleaſe God they ſhall,
Then ſhall our ranſome ſoone be leuied.

Saue

Saue thou thy labour Herauld:
Come thou no more for ranſom, gentle Herauld:
They ſhall haue nought I ſweare, but theſe my bones:
Which if they haue, as *I* wil leaue am them,
Will yeeld them litle, tell the Conſtable.

Her. *I* ſhall deliuer ſo.

Exit Herauld.

Yorke. My gracious Lord, vpon my knee *I* craue,
The leading of the vaward.

Kin. Take it braue *Yorke*. Come ſouldiers lets away:
And as thou pleaſeſt God, diſpoſe the day.

Exit.

Enter the foure French Lords.

Ge. O diabello.

Conſt. Mor du ma vie.

Or. O what a day is this!

Bur. O Iour dei houte all is gone, all is loſt.

Con. We are inough yet liuing in the field,
To ſmother vp the Engliſh,
If any order might be thought vpon.

Bur. A plague of order, once more to the field,
And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,
Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,
Like a bace leno hold the chamber doore,
Why leaſt by a ſlaue no gentler then my dog,
His faireſt daughter is contamuracke.

Con. Diſorder that hath ſpoyld vs, right vs now,
Come we in heapes, weele offer vp our liues
Vnto theſe Engliſh, or elſe die with fame.
Come, come along,
Lets dye with honour, our ſhame doth laſt too long.

Exit omnes.

Enter